

BLOOM

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What if we traded weapons for flowers –
planted seeds instead of bullets into chests?
We can paint the roses white,
cut off all the thorns so they never draw blood again.
That graveyard used to be a field of daisies –
just like we were all children, once, before they made us
bury our youth in old shoeboxes beside Polaroids
of sunburnt noses and ice cream smiles.

I watch silently as she presses the petals of innocence
between dusty book covers,
trying to preserve their fragile beauty
for the few souls who still believe in magic.
Her fingers smell like lavender and forgiveness.
She lets me pull them softly to these cherry blossom lips,
then traces the light pink scar below my left eyebrow.
The clock sings us her melodic lullaby
and the minutes turn quietly to hours.
Sinking below the velvet curves of a distant mountain range,
the sun returns home for the night,
leaving a lilac glow to illuminate the silhouette of us.

The hum of dusk makes it impossible to hear the gun fire
that rolls sharp and loud off the tongues of critics.

They see the world in black and white – blind to the miracle of
rainbows.

Well, I can find no sin in this Garden of Eden
that we created where violence had left only desert.
Breathing in wet moss skin,
I crawl into her tree fort arms and let myself travel to dreams.
Safe under layers of soil and bedsheets,
our bodies grow roots,
rising from the earth with unapologetic strength.
The summer air kisses our wounds, and finally, we *bloom*.